

8/2/67

Dear Mr. Albres,

However innocent its intentm your letter of 7/31 compounds the insult.

In it you say, "I have seen just about everything from 'Who Killed Kennedy' to 'Macbird'." Aside from the comment that MacBird is not intended as an analysis of the Report, this statement just is not true. You have not read the definitive works, the first and the most recent on the Commission, else you'd never have asked the questions you did in your recent letter or in those back in the winter, for you asked not a single one that I had not already addressed in my books. Your information was in part quite wrong, yet you drew conclusions from erroneous information.

Now you have heard me on the air several times and on several different stations. You know I have written these books for a serious purpose. It is a safe presumption that I said in them what I believe and what I discovered. You thereupon sit down and write me several lists of questions that, had you read my books, you would know are really foolish, and that, in large part are not questions and are, where they are tendentious, quite inaccurate.

Now it is not true that Oswald was left-handed. It is true that there are those who said this, referring to his boyhood. There are also those, referring to the later day, who insist otherwise. If that order for the rifle is his, it does not specify a left-handed rifle. The rifle said to have been his also is not left-handed. And I do mention this in my published writing.

My point and my complaint is simply this: if you are serious about the information you seek from a man who has written well in excess of a half-million words on a serious subject, the first source is his published work. It is both an insult to him and an imposition to ask the kind of questions you did. It is for this purpose that men write books. It is for the purpose of getting information that books are purchased.

What you said, ineffect, is this: I'm too damned cheap to spend the cost of the original books or the 95¢ they cost in reprint, so stop every damned thing you are doing, because I'm important, I'm me, and I know everything, and write a special part of your books for me, in a letter.

It would be entirely different if there was anything original in what you ask or suggest, anything new, any information of any kind. There is not. It is an expression of your own ego. Now if I do not answer you I'm some kind of a stuck-up sonofabitch who is too damned good to answer a letter and if I do I certainly am a damned fool, for when I work not less than 18 hours a day, seven days a week, and get quite a few letters, most warranting answer. I should have my head examined for wasting time this way. I do it so perhaps you will learn: writers have no objection to hearing from people who have something to say, whether or not they are familiar with the writing. But it is insulting to write the kind of imperious letters you do, omniscient-sounding as though you really know these things you put on paper, and withall ask no question that I have not already answered in writing that is quite available to you. On the other hand, you did not respond when I asked you for a copy of your Rankin correspondence. You call this helpful?